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# Miss America Meets Futureman; Or the Rape of the Century

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MISS AMERICA MEETS FUTUREMAN; OR  
THE RAPE OF THE CENTURY

She consents, she is afraid.  
When she yields to the butcher knife  
of a raw buck nigger or a Mongol Cong,  
he crushes like a landslide past her knees,  
into her memory like fever.  
His clutch on her haunches tears her open  
like a tangerine. You go along  
and help him get it up.  
It's only me.  
My fingers rouge your lips. My hangnail  
blurs your lowering lids with tears.

I shall be your mustang in a wild herd  
and a sleek seal plunging into brine.  
Let me tower over you like a Redwood  
and whoop through the bayous of your lust.

THE 250 YEARS' WAR

*"Can you imagine, they cut a  
beautiful tree down so we can  
write shitty poems?"*

So we can sit indoors on winter mornings  
when slush in the back yard numbs our toes,  
they sluice shit into the rivers,  
which only old men fish in.  
We swim in a purer poetry  
of recreation we have never taken,  
of nostalgia for before we came.